

My Little Black Lamb



R.M. HARVEY
THE ORIGINATOR OF
SOMETHING NEW IN MINSTRELSY
THE ONLY SHOW OF ITS
KIND IN THE WORLD

Words by
Paul Laurence Dunbar

Music by
Whitney Viney

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GENERAL OFFICES, 1512 TRIBUNE BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Andante

A lit-tle pick-a - nin-y saw while romp-ing round one day Some
An a - ged grey haired mother sat her head bowd on her breast She was

hap-py white folks chil-dren so he joined them in their play Said one of them in an - ger you're un
lin-gring by the fire-side where her babes had gone to rest Said one of them dear moth-er why does

wel-come can't you see So run a - way you black boy for you can-not play with me So
broth-er lay so still She bowed her head in si-lence pointed o'er the dis-tant hill He's

accel.
tear-ful-ly he plead-ed chill'n wont you let me stay They called him lit-tle kin-key head and
gone to yon-ders land and he's nev-er com-ing back Cause they called him kin-key head and

ord - ered him a - way So then the young - ster tod - dled home his
taunt him cause he's black And as her a - ged arm closed round her.

lit - tle eyes grew dim His mam - my took him on her knee these words she said to him.
dy - ing ba - by there She placed her head with - in her hands and crooned a moth - ers prayer.

CHORUS

Lit - tle black lamb they grieve you so je's cause yo' face aint white I know

But nevah' mind if dey don play Down in yo heart you se as white as dey

Smile once a - gain ma ba - by do cause mam - mys gw in to play all day with you

And when the night grows cool, and ca'am de an - gels will watch o'er you lit - tle black lamb.

This Souvenir Song From The

**HARVEY'S
GREATER
MINSTRELS**

The World's Foremost Minstrel.